PAUL FLANDERS
DRAWER Z

6-39

SAYS THE EDITOR

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 9 • No. 19 | CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • NOVEMBER 4, 1938 | 5 CENTS

LET'S HAVE A LAW AGAINST BLOWING AUTOMOBILE HORNS ANY TIME

We note that Judge George Ross is informing the automobile drivers when they can, under the law, blow their horns and when they can't. We would be expressly pleased if Judge Ross could go further than that, and have a law behind him which would prohibit the blowing of automobile horns at any time, anywhere.

It's coming, too, in this man's decadent land. We're hopelessly behind Europe in this regard. For instance, in Rome, as noted in a recent issue of *Reader's Digest*, there is a strict law against blowing automobile horns within the city limits. And so stringently is it enforced, that visitors to Rome, both Italians and foreigners, now have a switch connected with their horn so that they can disconnect the thing on entering the city for fear that in an unguarded moment they might lean on the horn.

And get this one: Since the law went into effect a year ago, the number of traffic accidents in Rome has gone down.

To the mind of this humble editor, there is no one so objectionable as the automobile horn-blower. This mechanical screech to "get out of the way" peeves us no end. And it's so darned useless besides being annoying.

And the man, woman or child who sits out in front of a home and blows his, her or its horn to attract somebody inside should be arrested, not admitted to bail, and sent to Folsom to do hard labor.

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THIS WAS VANDALISM, PURE AND SIMPLE VANDALISM

It was vandalism—pure and simple vandalism.

There were more than 50 cases of it, widespread over all of Carmel. The editor of THE CYMBAL, in a brief tour of investigation on the morning after Hallowe'en personally noted more than a score, and he covered only seven streets, running south from Ocean avenue.

It was a disgraceful piece of business; the worst, Frederick Bechdolt, commissioner of police, declares, in the history of Carmel. And ,the commissioner further informs us, most of the boys who were caught, either in the act of vandalism, or in the neighborhood of and immediately after wanton destruction of property, came from our so-called "best" families.

This is a sad commentary, not alone, or even so much, on the common sense and decency of Carmel's boys but also, and more, on the efficiency of Carmel parents as parents, and the capabilities of our public school as a builder of character.

Of course, some of the marauders were outside individuals, some of them were brainless adults, but the police report that most of them were grammar school boys and out of Carmel homes.

It is a fair estimate that several hundreds of dollars worth of property damage was done to fences, gardens, street signs and houses. This is a disgraceful condition of affairs in a city which secretly, if not openly, considers itself on a bit higher cultural level than other communities where American citi-

(Continued on Page Two)

Women's League Opens Election Headquarters

If you want to get some idea on how to vote, the League of Women Voters, establishing headquarters in the display room of the Carmel Garage, will help you. Members there will try to explain the various amendments and propositions on the ballot and, we suppose, will give you a line on candidates, but purely non-partisanly, of course.

But at other points, up and down the street, you will get all the partisan suggestions you can stomach. It's the virtual eve of the election and everybody's for something or some special thing and not a bit reticent about impressing the fact upon you.

For instance, E. J. Atter comes bowling into our office with the statement that John A. Morrill, Democratic candidate for the State Assembly from the Thirty-fifth District, has signed a statement reading as follows:

"I, John A. Morrill, of Gonzales, California, hereby undertake, if elected, to act promptly in accordance with the clearly expressed wishes of a majority of my constituents as manifested to me from time to time.

"Dated Oct. 31, 1938 at Gonzales, Calif."

So, in Atter's view, Morrill may be relied upon to oppose all dictators and other tyrannies in this country.

That makes sense to us, somehow.

As for prognostications, we have a few to make, reminding you, however, that we shall cast our ballot for Raymond Haight for governor so that we may go to bed Tuesday night retaining what remains of our self-respect. We are firmly convinced that Haight thinks straight, sees straight, has sincerity of purpose and, above all, principles which, if they could be put into effect, would make this state a better place in which to live.

Nevertheless, we are willing to quote odds (not put them up) that Olson will be elected governor; Patterson, lieutenant-governor; Downey, United States senator; Anderson, congressman from this district; George Reilly, member of the state board of equalization.

We don't believe that all the Republican fireworks and wild charges of communism can offset a Democratic state registration more than 900,000 in excess of Republican.

As for the propositions on the ballot, we hope and pray for the success of No. 2, and hardly care what happens to the rest of them if this goes over.

We are against No. 1, No. 4, No. 20 and No. 25.

We believe it would be a mistake to adopt No. 4 and let the automobile associations play politics with the California State Patrol. It's very well operated as it is right now.

No. 1 is just another effort to stymie labor unionism; No. 20 is that single tax menace, and No. 25 is the rancid ham and bad egg measure.

But, whatever you intend to do, go thou and do it. A democracy gives you the privilege of asserting yourself.

Ocean Avenue To Blossom Like the Proverbial Rose; Aquatic Park To Be Studied

Hallowe'en Is Motive For Vandalism

"I have made up my mind that as long as I am connected with Carmel's city government there shall be no repetition of the vandalism which was manifest this last Hallowe'en."

So declared Frederick Bechdolt, commissioner of police, last Tuesday morning after he and Chief of Police Robert Norton had checked up on the wanton destruction of the night before.

Bechdolt admitted that the situation was beyond the power of the police.

"But the police did catch some of the members of gangs and were reasonably sure that they were responsible for depredations near where they were found," said Bechdolt. "Most of those seen and questioned by the police were boys from our best families. Next year we intend to round up these gangs and give some little-suspecting parents a few surprises."

A tour of the city on Tuesday morning showed the following destruction of property:

Fences torn down at Monte Verde and Tenth, Camino and Twelfth (this was a brand new fence and was torn up for a length of 50 feet), Carmelo and Twelfth, Carmelo and Eleventh, Ninth and Camino, Casanova and Ocean, Ocean and Camino, Ninth and Carmelo, Twelfth and San Antonio, San Antonio between Eighth and Ninth, Scenic near Ocean, Alta and Junipero, Alta near Junipero, and more than a score of places in other sections north of Ocean avenue.

Street signs were torn down and destroyed in more than a dozen places.

A window in the door of Stella's store, and in the Butterfield apartment in the rear of the store, were broken.

It is estimated that several hundreds of dollars worth of property was destroyed.

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SUNSET SCHOOL BOARD TO MEET TUESDAY

The board of trustees of Sunset School district which regularly holds its meeting on the first Tuesday of each month, has postponed the November meeting until the second Tuesday, November 8, which is election day. The meeting is held in the library at the school at 3 p.m.

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VALENTINE PORTER MARRIED LAST SATURDAY

Valentine Porter, daughter of Susan Mott Porter of Carmel, was married last Saturday at the home of her cousin, Dr. Russell Williams, in Baltimore, to Alastair Miller, writer. The couple are leaving shortly for a visit to Miller's parents in England and are expected in California sometime in December.

Irving Stone Gets Brought Up Short

Irving Stone walked into something Tuesday night when he came to Carmel to tell us about Jack London and his literary contemporaries. The author of the London biography, "Sailor on Horseback," was here as a feature lecturer for the Carmel Forum of the adult education program.

He had a good-sized audience awaiting him, but here and there within it were a number of people who, through personal acquaintance, thought they knew more about London than Stone did. They expressed themselves—and, pray tell, why not? Isn't it a forum? When Stone touched on the subject of George Sterling he got a bit stepped on by Mayor Herbert Heron and Frederick Bechdolt. They knew Sterling, too, once it.

Francis Lloyd of the *Pine Cone* also tangled with the lecturer in regard to some reputed facts emanating from the platform.

Stone left town feeling, possibly, that he will get along better where what he has to say will go unchallenged by an audience possessed of a few facts on its own.

However, it made a most satisfactory Forum event in the adult education program which, by the way, is not connected with the WPA as we said last week. Are we getting to be an Irving Stoner?

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Turkey Shoot Is On This Sunday

Just because it rained last Sunday and the American Legion Turkey Shoot had to be postponed, don't think for a minute that their ardor is dampened. Commander M. J. Peterson feels in his bones that next Sunday will be perfect, and the week's postponement will result in larger crowds than ever, simply because all of us who were beginning to be sorry we missed it can realize that we didn't miss it after all, and it still lies ahead. Besides, the turkeys will have had an extra week in which to fatten up.

At this time, we'd like to make an observation that is no doubt apparent to everyone but ourselves and a few other benighted souls. But, there may be more of us than you'd imagine, so we insist on it: at a turkey shoot you don't shoot the turkeys! You shoot targets!

When we learned this salient fact, we rejoiced, and all our antipathy vanished. Now we can go and have fun. The barbecue, in the hands of the illustrious barbecuer, Paul Flanders, is bound to be a barbecue of barbecues, particularly when such past-masters as Herb Brownell, Bill Frolli, Ben Wetzel, Frank Murphy and Bill Muscutt will be on hand to assist him.

A note of mystery is struck when the Legion mentions "Zaza." We haven't an idea ourselves, but intend to find out. Then there'll be games and pistol ranges and trap-shooting, and we can watch some of the fanciest shootin' that ever came out of this here county, and there's men hereabouts that sure can handle their shootin' irons.

TREES, SHRUBS ON SIDEWALKS FOR 5 BLOCKS IN BUSINESS SECTION

A young man named Thomas D. Church walked in on a conference between the city council and the parks and playgrounds commission last Monday and by the time he had shown them a few things and talked about them, the official servants of the city declared, and with enthusiasm, "You've got something there."

And if you want to see what this Thomas D. Church "has got" go down to Ocean avenue and look in the window of the Carmel Realty Company and see the drawings and photographs displayed there by Corum Jackson, chairman of the parks commission.

It looks like something for Ocean avenue. None of your cut and dried row-of-trees planting, but a touch here and there where a landscape architect would see the need of it. A tree here, a shrub there, a creeping wall-vine some place else.

And, mind you, not just in the central strip of park, but on the sidewalk, next to the curb in one place, against the building in another.

And is the council for it—solidly! And the stalwarts of the Carmel Business association, too!

And the parks commission, responsible for getting Church, and setting him at the job, says to those who have offered to donate toward the fund for the necessary trees and shrubs, that the city council will match any amount that private citizens put up.

If you want to give something, bring it into THE CYMBAL, or take it to the *Pine Cone*, or drop it in Corum Jackson's lap at the Carmel Realty.

Of course, right now, Church's job has to do only with the five blocks from Junipero to Monte Verde, but it is hoped that, the enthusiasm and cash forthcoming, he can complete his job from the skyline at Carpenter street to the sand-dunes at Scenic.

Incidentally, the matter of a possible aquatic park at the mouth of the river was discussed at the conference between the council and the parks commission and it was decided that Jackson and Mayor Heron should select a commission to put its collective heads together and investigate the feasibility and the cost of the proposition.

zens, presumably civilized, are gathered together.

There can be no criticism of a police force of three men that they could not cope with this situation. They did cope with it in spots, but there were too many spots—simultaneous spots.

It is with a certain amount of hope that we record the ire of the commissioner of police and his determination that while he continues to hold his municipal job there shall be no recurrence of this vandalism.

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AN AQUATIC PARK MAYBE WON'T BE AS LOVELY AS THE TULES

We, too, down deep in our esthetic heart, prefer the tules and the lowing herds and ebb and flow of the wane and flood of the river until it, in cahoots with the ocean, makes a wide and shimmering overspread down there at its mouth. And we sympathize with those who enjoy the natural scene just as it is. Those who live where the windows of their homes look out upon it—their sentiments we particularly understand and respect.

But, there's a community contribution we of a community can make, either positively by giving something, or negatively, by losing something.

The children of this community, and forever and ever there are children, have a definite and persisting claim upon us. We begat them and we continue to beget them. It is our responsibility, and it should be our joy, to make the life we create for their environment as happy and rejuvenating as possible. There are a few of them, a small percentage, whom we can best serve, perhaps, by merely letting them look upon wind-swept tules and lowing herds, but the great majority of them find their lives made more abundant by reason of useful bathing suits, spring boards and sailboats.

And the proposed aquatic park at the mouth of the river will not be an amusement park, with all its hideousness. It should be, and we of Carmel must insist that it be, something of beauty in itself; not too far removed in its aspect from the tules and the untrammeled tides.

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WE DON'T LIKE THIS NEW REPORT CARD MUCH BETTER THAN LAST YEAR'S

This business of not letting a striving editor, mentor of the people, guardian of the public morals, watchdog of the safe wherein goes the tax money, have the satisfaction of thinking he's accomplishing something, gets us completely down.

Take this new Sunset school report card business. It was more than a year ago that we rose up in our editorial might and protested against the report cards as sent home at that time with the males and females of the rising generation. They were as exciting as a dead jellyfish. They were issued under the progressive education principle that no child must get the slightest inkling of how good he is in his school work or, for that matter, how terrible. As for his worshipping parents—they weren't given the slightest inkling, either. The report cards of then were a complete blank if your child was "showing the right attitude toward his school work"; in other words, if he was making an effort. If he wasn't making what his teacher considered a reasonable effort, there was a check mark after the subject in which he bogged down.

It was purely a negative report card. Spandy clean, if your boy or girl was trying, a check or two here and there where he or she wasn't. As far as your enlightenment in the matter was concerned, your little Freddie might be as dumb as a Rhode Island Red hen—all you could find out was that he made an effort to get across the road no matter whether or not he ran slam up against a rollicking Ford.

We protested, and we got nothing but a look down the ridgepole of a nose.

So we chalked up another failure against our editorial perspiration.

Now, a year or more later, comes the reward, but so delayed that all glory is denied us. We suppose that this new report card your boy or girl brought home this week is credited to some new principle in progressive education, not to the rusty saw that the typewriter is mightier than the machine gun.

And we don't like this new report card much better than the other one. Our hopeful brings home marks all down a neat line of the thing. They're all the same mark—an "S" meaning that in a score or more subjects they find themselves able to list in Sunset school he is "satisfactory." (We forgot the one "P" which, it appears, means that he is making progress, with difficulty, in the subject against which it stands.)

And what's this note: "Does equally well in tool skills."

What's that mean? Here we've grown up to be a brilliant editor of a great weekly newspaper, a fascinating conversationalist, a man on whose every word our part of the world listens with undivided attention; a personality whose memory will be forever enshrined in—well, you know, and we don't remember having any tool skills in the LaFayette school some 40 years ago in Oakland. Just what's going to happen to our boy?

W. K. B.

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HAL BRAGGS GO IN FOR SHORT HORN CATTLE

The Hal Braggs have a short horn heifer named *Celeste Innesfail*. They don't know it, and won't, until they see this issue of THE CYMBAL. That is, they don't know the young lady's first name is *Celeste*. We named her. We named her because of Camilla Daniels' failing memory. Camilla told us about the Braggs being in town for a short surcease last week from their ranch near Templeton, San Luis Obispo County. She told us about the short horn business and said that they now have four of the birds—a gentleman named *Live Oak Victor*, and three girls, named *Eleanor*, *Kitty Rose* and—and—and—. Camilla couldn't think of the third name. We make it *Celeste*. They all belong to the Innesfail family; quite distinguished in Burke's Cattle Peerage.

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MRS. M. BARBIER HURT IN AUTO ACCIDENT

Mrs. M. Barbier who, with her husband, owns the Sun Deck Poultry Market in Carmel, was painfully injured last Saturday morning when the light truck in which she was riding to Carmel from the Barbier ranch at Marina, overturned on the highway in the Lakeside district near Del Monte. Mrs. Barbier was cut on the head and right arm by broken glass. Her eldest daughter, Annette, who was driving the car, escaped injury, as did her younger sister, Marianne. Several dozen dressed chickens and eggs for the Carmel store were destroyed. Mrs. Barbier was treated at the Peninsula Community Hospital. A road made slippery by rain caused the accident.

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Little BUSINESS DIRECTORY ads in The Cymbal best reach our long parade of readers.

Mission To Mark Old Indian Feast

Carmel Mission will be the scene of the celebration of the Feast of San Carlos this Sunday, November 6. This religious observance is a heritage from the days of the padres and is of great significance among the Indians. At the 10 o'clock mass, Carmel Indian descendants of the converts made by Fr. Serra will be present. Noel Sullivan and the choir will sing the mass. Afterwards, the Indians will carry in procession a statue of San Carlos through the Mission and out into the patio. The parishioners will act as hosts to the Indians at luncheon afterwards, held in Serra-Crespi Hall. The society known as "Sociedad de San Carlos de los Nativos," of long standing among the Indians, will be re-organized.

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CARL HARRIS QUITS AUTO SERVICE BUSINESS

Carl Harris has quit business!

That calls for an exclamation point and a big one. It's going to affect a lot of our best people sadly.

Carl, ably assisted by the affable Al Peckham, made Carl's Service Station an institution. Eleven years ago he started out for himself no that corner—Sixth and Mission—and gradually he drew the backbone of Old Carmel to him. It was a friendly service, and it stayed that way. What Carl didn't have in the latest of gadgets, he had fourfold in efficiency and thoroughness without them, and he had it with supreme patience and a persistent smile.

As a leader of the colored people of Carmel and as a citizen of the highest quality Carl has won for himself the unqualified respect and brotherly love of everyone, adult and child, who has had the good fortune to know him.

It is understood that Carl and Al have leased the station, which their 11 years of labor have acquired free of all debt, including the property on which it stands, to Evan Wild, son of Mr. and Mrs. Morris McK. Wild of Fourth and Monte Verde streets, long residents of Carmel.

Wild has been conducting a service station in Pacific Grove. Carl's staff of mechanics will remain under the new management.

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A MESSAGE FROM A FRIEND OF YOURS, TONIGHT (FRIDAY), 6:45 KDON

'Drums' Packing 'Em in at The Filmarte

"Drums" is still packing them in at the Filmarte, and small wonder. This film offers what are undoubtedly the most spectacular technicolor effects seen on the screen. Sabu, whom we saw (many of us four and five times), in "Elephant Boy," charms us again in his role as the little Indian prince whose bravery and loyalty save a whole regiment from slaughter at the hands of his power-crazed uncle, played superbly by Raymond Massey.

"Drums" was actually filmed in India, a lot of it in the treacherous Khyber Pass. The native types, the costumes and the rich settings are authentic and imagination-stirring. The kilts, the bagpipes and the group singing around the campfire, the Arab horses, the fine riders, and all the pomp and glory of a reigning prince of India's household—it all makes good meaty stuff. Alexander Korda will probably get some sort of an award for it.

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CLASSIFIED ADS ARE POTENT.

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SPECIAL FOR THIS MONTH

1. DIFFERENTIAL drained, flushed and refilled with WINTER RICHLUBE.
2. TRANSMISSION drained, flushed and refilled with RICHLUBE GEAR OIL.
3. SPARK PLUGS cleaned, tested and reset.
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EXHIBITION

of Paintings of Monterey by

JOHN LANGLEY HOWARD

MacDougal Says It May Never Rain Again

D. T. MacDougal, who runs the Carnegie Coastal laboratory in Carmel for the Carnegie Institute of Washington, and keeps a rain gauge which he claims is painfully accurate, says it probably will never rain again. Having a scientific turn of mind, and accepting things only as he sees them, it is probable that he arrives at this conclusion because at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, when we accosted him in his lair, he went to the door, looked out and up, and saw only clear, blue sky.

We, however, having imagination, and not handicapped by the two-plus-two of science, can visualize it raining within 24 hours from the time this effusion appears in print.

One of the reasons, however, that the good doctor gives for his assertion is that it has already rained quite enough—for Carmel—so far this season. He points to the chart on the wall of his office down there in the woods at the head of Twelfth street, and, with shaking figure and quavering voice, he commands you to look at it.

Up to October 3 last year, not a smitchin' of rain. Up to October 3 this year, .54 of an inch.

That's not so startling, says you—but look:

On October 3, itself, last year, .53 of an inch came pitching down, so October 3, itself, this year, rose up in its precipitative might and dumped .73 down on us which, with the .54 above mentioned, gave us 1.27 up to and including the fateful hour when dawn came on the morning of October 4.

But, not stopping there, the season to date has deluged us with a total of 2.71 inches as of the evening of the morning of November 3, while last season we had only 1.36 as of November 12.

So, MacDougal says, it just can't rain any more—ever.

We have referred the matter to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, asking a reprimand for one of its most illustrious members.

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Clara Vestal's Flower Talk Big Success

Clara Vestal tackled the fascinating problem of flower arrangement in the home at the Art Institute yesterday, and 22 women left the studio with enthusiasm bubbling from their lips, eyes glistening in anticipation, and hands itching to get into their own house and garden and perpetrate similar works. Three arrivals from Salinas, who take their flower arrangements seriously, and who had studied under Marie Harte last season, came to investigate, feeling that it might be the same story over again. They left after signing up for the remaining lectures, realizing that Vestal approaches the subject from an entirely different angle, and that they had many things to learn from her.

Vestal loves craft work and doing things with her hands. She has just returned from a lecture tour of Montana and brought back some unusual rock specimens. She used these rocks with bits of trees, little figures and leaves in her arrangements. Some of these are in the window of Jewell's Flower Shop next to the Carmel Theatre. If you go at once, they'll still be there. Vestal stresses line and color in flower arrangement. She did some unusual things with the plant, Honesty, and a few dead thistles.

DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS

Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Misty Winslow's favorite pastime is window shopping. He loves to come over from Pebble Beach where he lives, and go around Carmel with his charming mistress, Mrs. Paul Winslow, and look in all of the shop windows.

This bright-eyed little fellow is a Cairn Terrier. His ancestors came from the islands and the highlands of Scotland. They are the oldest of British Terriers and the original stock from which all the game terriers of Scotland were derived. They were called "Cairns" because they hunted foxes, badgers and other small animals that lived in the cairns and stone heaps.

Misty made his debut in society last summer at the Del Monte Dog Show when he carried off honors in the puppy class. Romance came into his life that day, also, when he fell in love with a beautiful young lady from Los Angeles. But their respective parents decided that the two were too young to marry, so they decided to wait until they were old enough to get their parents' consent.

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The lonesomest little dog in town these days is *Alf* Miller. He misses his pal, Don Blanding. *Alf* really is named *Gyp* and really belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Ross Miller, but when they went away on a trip, he just adopted Don and follows him around like a bit of black shadow. *Alf* used to sleep across Don Blanding's feet when he was typing or drawing, so that when Don got up to go for the mail *Alf* would know and be ready to go, too.

Now Don has gone South preparatory to a longer trip around the country and poor little *Alf* is as forlorn as can be.

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Michael Baker is fairly dancing with joy these days to be back in the village after a sojourn at a local kennels where he stayed while his owner, Miss Clara Baker, was away on a trip.

He loves to romp all over town and he felt his lack of freedom keenly. *Michael*'s friends are as happy apparently to have him back as he is to be back. The handsome young fellow never lacks a playmate.

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The "Curious Case of the Missing Kelseys" is the chief topic of conversation in canine circles right now. *Buddy* and *Mike* Kelsey have been missing for two weeks and nothing has been seen or heard of them.

It was two weeks ago today that the two followed their master, Ivan Kelsey, to his paint job at Twelfth and Camino. They were in the habit of watching him and supervising the work. They saw him well started and trotted off down Twelfth toward the ocean. Usually they come back about lunchtime to go home with their master. But they didn't return for lunch and they haven't been seen since.

If anyone has any information about them, phone 1030 and tell any of the Kelseys. *Buddy* and *Mike* are bull terriers. *Buddy* is five years old, dark brown with white paws. *Mike* is eight months old, a little larger, a lighter brown and has more white parts on him.

Red Cross Ready For Roll Call Campaign

JOIN

The Roll Call organization for the Carmel Red Cross Chapter is being perfected this week by Mrs. William N. Dekker, district chairman. The personnel of the organization will hold its first meeting at the Girl Scout House on Sixth street at 3 this Monday afternoon, November 7. At this time instructions to the workers will be given for the launching of the Roll Call on Armistice Day, November 11.

Mrs. R. R. Wallace, general Roll Call chairman, announces that the budget for this year has been placed at $4,300. The major portion of this budget will be retained for the relief program of the Carmel Chapter. This program covers milk for undernourished children, hospitalization, nursing, medical aid, dentistry, and clothing for all individuals and families in distress in the Carmel area.

The clothing department of the Red Cross, under the supervision of Mrs. Otto Koehler, has experienced a busy year and many persons have received warm clothing, underwear and shoes.

An emergency closet is maintained at headquarters on Dolores street, from which people who are ill can receive medical supplies.

Miss P. Leslie King, case worker for the chapter, quickly investigates every case brought to her attention and cooperates will all of the county welfare agencies in order to avoid duplication of service.

This Sunday, November 6, has been designated as Red Cross Sunday and will be observed in all of the Carmel churches, at which time the spiritual value of the organization's service to humanity will be emphasized.

Red Cross headquarters, as usual, for the Roll Call, will be established at the Carmel Garage.

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MUSICAL ART CLUB HAS VARIED PROGRAM

The Van Ess-MacGowan home at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club was the scene of the program given by the Musical Art Club last Tuesday night. The Hagemeyer string quartet played, Lily Ann Walker gave a group of songs, Barrie O'Shea danced and John and Mitzi Eaton gave a sketch.

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The Carmel Cymbal
ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1924

Published Every Friday By
THE CYMBAL COMPANY
E. A. H. Watson A. Porter Halsey
W. K. Bassett

SEVENTH AND SAN CARLOS STREET
P. O. BOX 1800 ✓ TELEPHONE 77
Ocean Avenue Office: South Side
Near Mission (Carmel Investment Co.)

PRINTED BY CARMEL PRESS, INC.

Subscription, $1 a year, by mail. ✓ Foreign, $2 a year.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Carmel, Calif., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

W. K. BASSETT, EDITOR

The Cymbal is on sale at:
Del Monte Hotel Newsstand
McKay's Newsstand, Monterey
Grove Pharmacy, Pacific Grove

THE FUSE BOX

"SACRIFICE TO MAMMON, ANOINTED WITH OIL"

Editor, Carmel CYMBAL:

As you know, millions of good oranges are being destroyed in California.

Sufficient to provide millions of Americans with orange juice with their breakfast, lunch and supper—or whatever meals they are able to get in this land flowing with milk and honey and rolling with fruit.

One news report, supported by pictures, reads, "A bumper orange crop is being harvested near Anaheim, California, and citrus growers are daily dumping 120 tons of fruit on a pile a mile and a quarter long, 20 feet wide and 15 feet high, in an effort to maintain present price levels."

Throughout the nation these pictures stimulate the salivary glands of millions of the great army of the orange-hungry, causing their mouths to water freely. A free appetite stimulus—something for nothing!

"It is inferior fruit, third-grade fruit" say officials of the fruit exchange. "Boloney," respond men, wives and kids from coast to coast, in chorus.

These fine fruits, gifts of God, containing vitamins badly needed by millions of God's men, women and children; the makings of oceans of orange juice, mountains of marmalade; are being dumped into a dike of the Santa Ana river, the Saint Ana river, and sprayed with oil.

The enormous sacrifice to Mammon is being anointed with oil.

That gets rid of the oil, too.

—E. J. ATTER

Carmel, Nov. 3.

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ALL SAINTS' CHOIR MOTHERS PLAN CARD PARTY

The Choir Mothers Association of All Saints' Church is sponsoring a benefit card party to be held at All Saints' Parish House on next Thursday evening, November 10, at 8 p.m.

Mrs. F. M. Bell, Mrs. E. H. Ewig, Mrs. J. O. Handley, Mrs. C. J. Hulsewé, Mrs. L. H. Levinson and Mrs. C. S. Rohr are in charge of the affair. Tickets are 50 cents per person and can be secured from the committee. There will be attractive prizes and refreshments will be served.

You are invited to attend. Telephone any one of the committee and make your reservation.

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One single DOLLAR moves us to send The Cymbal anywhere in the United States for a whole year.

THIS THING AND THAT

Mount Everest, Whitney, and Popocatapetl
Put a climber on his metl.

I knew a man once whose opinions and biases
Gave his mind a case of elephantiases.

It's not essential
To be consequential.

Then there was the lingering guest who sat and sat and satio
Inside my patio.

If Hitler's men can't go ahead of you into Czechoslovakia
They'll go in backia.

The life of a jelly-fish is probably monotonous
And gelotinous.

—E. F.

STARS AND GARTERS

PETE WILL BE SAFE WHERE ONLY 2-SYLLABLE WORD KNOWN IS FILL-UM

Pete Peters tripped on a pronoun the other day and slid out of society as fast as if he'd pulled a toothpick out of his pocket.

It was at a cocktail party. What Pete said was, "He gave it to Dolly and I."

A lot of people heard him say it. There was a dead silence and every eyebrow in the place was lifted. It made a sort of fluttering noise like adjusting a Venetian blind.

That was how they drummed Pete out. He had the money, the liquor and a Japanese house boy but the parts of speech got him.

I tried to explain it as best as I could. Pete felt pretty bad. "Mrs. de Blotto says you murder the King's English, Pete."

"What's the King's English?"

"I don't know exactly. But, when you murder it, it means you make a bust in grammar."

"I don't say, 'I seen it and I done it'."

"It's hard to make you understand, Pete. There are certain slips that go and others that do not. It takes practically a lifetime to master the rules. You can split infinitives all over the place and nobody gives a whoop but I understand you said, 'He gave it to Dolly and I.' This happens to be a case that doesn't go."

"Looks pretty hopeless," said Pete. I felt sorry for him.

"You can say 'idear,' 'ADult' and 'ADDress' and it's perfectly o.k.," I said. "But, don't get caught with 'deef' or 'eyetalian' if you want to run with the Junior League."

"I say 'eyether' and 'tomahto'," said Pete.

"Yes, but if you turn around the next minute and let somebody hear you 'getting shut' of something, you might as well go back to punching cows. On the other hand, you could probably get by with, 'What did you bring that book home to read to me out of for?' So it goes. Do you begin to see how complicated it is?"

"Suppose I got a teacher and learned it right?"

"That wouldn't do, Pete. You're pretty smart. You'd learn fast and the first thing you know, you'd be too good and they would accuse you of being affected. You'd say, 'Who was that man with whom you were dancing?' and you'd be as bad off as you are now. You couldn't go with the college crowd because you don't know anything about Elizabethan drama and things like that and you'd end up by being an outcast all around."

"I guess I'll go to Hollywood," Pete said.

"You'll be safe there," I said.

—DOROTHY STEPHENSON

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"I Pagliacci" Filmarte's Next

"I Pagliacci" is the film chosen to follow "Drums" at the Filmarte. The starting date is not quite determined. We mean by that, it will begin within the next few days. If you call the Filmarte, telephone 403, Dick Bare, or someone, will give you the exact date.

This picture is the film dramatization of the opera by Leoncavallo. It stars the singer, Richard Tauber, supported by Steffi Duna. The picture is presented basically as a straight drama with the famous arias of the opera worked in with as complete lack of obtrusion as possible. In the copy that Dick sent down to us, it says that one is scarcely conscious of the fact that he is looking at an opera in actual progress. THE CYMBAL staff isn't quite sure whether this angle adds or detracts from the attractiveness of this offering. As it is, we feel that they might be putting something over on us. —M. W.

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MARTHA GREELEY TO TALK ABOUT ORIENT BEFORE THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The Carmel Woman's Club will hold its November meeting next Monday, November 7, at Pine Inn. Miss Martha Greeley, who has recently returned from her tenth trip in ten consecutive years from the Orient, will be guest speaker. She will endeavor to give an unbiased opinion of affairs in China and Japan, and compare conditions of today with those of previous years.

The Garden Section of the Woman's Club met last Thursday morning at the home of Mrs. G. F. Beardsley on Casanova and Eighth. "Plantsmith," otherwise known as E. F. Smith, was the speaker.

PARENT-TEACHERS ASSN. WILL MEET NOV. 12

The regular meeting of the Carmel Parent-Teacher Association has been postponed to November 15. A complete program will be published in THE CYMBAL next week.

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A MESSAGE FROM A FRIEND OF YOURS, TONIGHT (FRIDAY), 6:45 KDON

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IS A
FINE GESTURE
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IT HAS ITS DECIDED MERITS, TOO
The Flavor and Tang of Carmel
Rise From Its Columns
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR
will send it anywhere in the
United States or its Possessions

CLANGING CYMBALS

LYNDA SARGENT WRITES HOME ABOUT FRIGGA, A SNAKE AND 4 SPADES

Daddy dear,

We—Sir Thomas and Frigga and I—are all in the big room by the fire today, for the first of the winter rains has come. Yesterday the neighbors tried out the cloudy sky with their experienced eyes and allowed as how if the wind didn't veer in the night, it would rain. It didn't veer and when we woke up this morning—Thomas up on his shelf away from the rattlesnake and Frigga by my bed for protection (her protection)—the hooves of winter were thundering on the redwood shakes.

So we made our fires, Thomas sitting in the kitchen window purely supervisory; Frigga going in many circles, superfluously. And although we have to be careful with wood for it is costly in this country, we erected a great monument of a fire to greet the rainy season and sat crosslegged with our three heads in it eating our porridge in much peace and comfort, it being Saturday and no work today.

At least, I *think* it's Saturday. There's no real way of knowing except that it isn't a mail day and the last non-mail day was Thursday. What time of the day it is God and the Western Union alone know, for both the old clocks have sunk into miserable desuetude. When I wake up, it is six a.m.; when I get the cat and dog fed and my own breakfast ready, it is seven; when I feel the typewriter calling to me, it is invariably just eight. Sometime around one I get hollow; and again at six p.m. At nine the bedclothes begin to roll back and the springs to squeak.

When the Saturday morning work was done, Frigga and I walked in the rainy woods, amongst the grateful foliages that have not known a drop of water since April. How beautiful it was there today, reminding me of home and of how the cows huddle in the wet spaces under the hemlock trees when they first smell winter on the wind. I remember walking up back of the house in our own woods one day when it was lowering and the brightness had gone out of the leaves and the cows were eating peacefully about when suddenly the wind took a whisk to the northeast and they all ran down the hill toward the house a little; then stopped, rubbing against each other and whispering, when the first drops fell. "It will soon turn to snow," one of the old cows said to a calf, "and then I guess you'll pull in your horns." But the calf didn't know what was meant and went capering out just the same.

We found so many things in our Big Sur woods. An old tree stump all covered with the most fantastic fan-shaped fungi where it is almost certain a Japanese elf without a proper trademark and no naturalization papers had set up a shop. We do not do things thus fragilely here. There were fans from a quarter of an inch big to clusters of delicately traced and finely pierced ones each a foot across. Underneath the tree were small umbrellas of some exotic stuff set out for display.

"Well, I'll be damned," said Frigga with spirit and demolished them all. I have been trying so hard to discourage her from race hatreds, but from her expression I am almost certain there was no such idea in her head. I did try to reimburse the manufacturer, but he declared there was practically no cost involved in making them—a few drops of rain and a second-hand mushroom hormone or two—and bade me think nothing of it.

We met Frisky on the trail, but alas had no sweets to offer her and she made disparaging remarks with her tail and bounded away after a rutting stag, a handsome fellow with four points to his credit (ask Frisky what they are) and practically gone on her. Has been hanging about the Lodge with the worst possible intentions for weeks now.

The bay trees are very spick when it rains, their leaves polished to a great shining, their gray mystic bodies as ladylike as our white birches. They cluster as if family life meant much to them; sometimes there are thirteen or fourteen under one roof, so to speak. They reminded me this afternoon of the family of Dr. van Holl of Amsterdam where Sidney and I used to visit. They live in a lovely old low Dutch house and have thirteen children. The mother, by now very ample indeed and not given to moving about much, holds a family rout every afternoon at teatime. Dr. van Holl comes home from the Judges chambers and all the boys and girls from banks and schools and their own houses and they cluster, too. There are a thousand small Holland cakes, so good, and hot chocolate and rusks and cheeses. And the old clock in the square clanging the halves and quarter hours and adding them up as it goes along. I licked my chops at the assemblage of bays but no one asked me in. Unlike the Dutch, they aren't a very hospitable people.

Not hospitable as the redwoods are. For a redwood tree, seeing me thus, opened up its very inwards and we entered and had feast. Yes, we sat inside the tree and ate the sandwiches we had brought and were very warm with a roof some two hundred feet thick over our heads. Frigga ferretted, but that is quite good manners inside a tree. She dug up a rather unpleasant looking reddish lizard, an old beer bottle, and the deuce of spades. Last spring two girls started out from the University of California at Easter time with a few cans of stuff and no destination, no money and no spare tire. They arrived at the Big Sur still minus money, minus a spare tire plus, and so automatically provided with a destination. Will Murphy, of the park, said they might camp in the tree and they spent the whole of their holiday there. Charming girls, they say about here. Got acquainted with a couple of nice CCC boys and would sit up in their domicile playing bridge until all hours. Doubtless for the first time in its five hundred or a thousand years, the walls of the old fellow rang with; Why the devil my partner didn't bid her clubs. . . I say double four spades. . . redouble.

Well, there we were, having tea. Very cozy and dry, too, with the rain spatting on the big sycamore leaves outside so they came floating to the ground like golden kites, settling down with the redwood needles for a long winter's nap. The smallest possible bird hopped in and out, brown and unwary. Cool and still, it was when the deer began to come down to drink. They plunged their noses into the pleasantly excited river. Everything drank; the ferns as tall as I, the willows leaning on their elbows, the mosses and lichens that have sprung from nowhere overnight to embroider all the dead tree trunks. Frisky and her husband, hand in hand, very dignified. Everything was grateful. I, too. My heart was full with gratitude.

And small Frigga's, for when we started home, she bounded and leapt and rolled in mud puddles but when she looked up at the great woods and at me, her eyes were quite thoughtful and her tail wagged with solemnity.

So now we have had hot coffee at Mrs. Jaeger's pleasant roadside place and here we are in the big room again, with the bright blue and yellow dishes on their shelves in one corner and a mighty fire going to dry us off. And even if the world weren't closing in about us so that we can barely see the chaparral twenty feet away, we all three recognize that feeling that creeps up from our coccyx to our gizzards and are willing to make a stab that it's around six p.m.

—LYNDA

P.S. Thomas has not, as THE CYMBAL seemed to indicate last week, multiplied. Although this (f)act is not foreign to his nature, it is, alas, impossible to his status quo.

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Sunset School Menu

Monday: Cream of green pea soup, cabbage salad, potatoes au gratin, sliced beets, ice cream.

Tuesday: Tomato bouillon, cardinal salad, hot dogs, carrots, gingerbread.

Wednesday: Vegetable soup, olded fruit salad, spaghetti and cheese, squash, ice cream.

Thursday: Alphabet soup, grapefruit salad, yams with pineapple, spinach, jello.

DEL MONTE DOG & CAT HOSPITAL

"For Those Who Care"

W. H. HAMMOND
Veterinarian
Castroville Highway
Telephone 8324

BENEFIT DANCE TO AID SPANISH HELD HERE

The Carmel Community Center gave one of its benefit dances last Saturday night at the Lincoln Steffens house. Mr. and Mrs. Ray Brock, who have leased this house for six months, were the worthy host and hostess. The cause they sponsored was the Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy. We understand that this was the fifth in a series of dances this year to benefit this cause. If you are slightly taken aback at the knowledge of a community center functioning thusly in Carmel, we might enlighten you by announcing that the leading spirits are Paul Ruthling and Maria Aurelia of the Aztec Shop. Spanish and Mexican music only is played at these affairs, and folk dances are what you dance . . . no Lambeth Walk. The musicians and local lights with vocal tendencies are inclined to burst into song at odd intervals, which makes it all very gay and troubadorish, as they are sung in the Spanish manner. About 35 showed up the other night. Among the important ones were Martin Flavin and Paula Dougherty. We hope we'll be able to give you an inkling as to what goes on in the Carmel Community Center beforehand after this, so that you'll at least be able to flip a coin.

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Bids are being received by the Division of Highways covering construction of 8.2 miles in Santa Cruz County, between one-half mile south of Davenport and Waddell Creek, reports the touring department of the National Automobile Club. The work is to consist of surfacing and road-mix surfacing treatment.

For 20 Years
15
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DAY • NIGHT
6th and Dolores
Monterey-Carmel Stage Office

Your Car
Needs Greasing
More Often
in hot weather. Bring it in today and let us give it our complete lubrication checkup
Give your CAR more PEP!
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LAST DAYS!
TAILORING SALE
MEN'S SUITS
Made-to-measure clothes of fine quality, at no extra cost! Special representatives will leave after Saturday. Novel showing of materials and patterns.
Friday • Saturday
Last Chance!
Men's Shop HOLMAN'S Main Floor
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FOR YOUR FIRE
WE HAVE...
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8 Million Fail To Start Cars

"I can't get my car started."

More than eight million times this winter this plaintive plea for help will be repeated to service station attendants by frantic motorists according to figures recently revealed by battery experts.

Battery failure is the chief cause of non-starting cars during the winter months, they added, urging motorists to have their batteries inspected before the start of the cold season.

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Free Inspections Now Offered

How may motorists be assured their cars will work easily, and not break down, this Winter?

This is the thought that led to creation of Winterproofing, a Mobilgas. Listed in the 12 free Winterproofing inspection service at Stuart Montmorency's here in Carmel are the following:

Cooling system checked for scale and leaks.

Radiator drained and flushed.

Fan belt checked to see if replacement is necessary.

Heavy Summer lubricants removed from transmission and differential, cases flushed, and correct Winter grade of Mobiloil supplied.

Crankcase drained, flushed and filled with correct Winter grade of Mobiloil.

Oil filter inspected and new cartridge installed if needed.

Battery and cables inspected, terminals cleaned.

Windshield wipers inspected and cleaned.

Lights inspected and lenses cleaned.

Tires inspected and inflated.

Cleaning of all glass and vacuum cleaning of car interior is also included. Better give the old car the check-over today.

Actress Warned of Cold Weather

Jane Woodworth, pulchritudinous contract player of RKO-Radio Pictures, recently observed a strange flag fastened to the door of a car which carried some guests to the studio lot. So, as she came from a set where she had been doing a bathing scene, she inquired what it was all about.

She was informed by A. J. Donnelly, Northern California manager of General Petroleum, and E. J. Bassine of the U. S. Tire Dealers Corporation, that the flag is a warning of cold weather ahead.

This emblem, hoisted by mariners as notice of approaching storm, is now being used as a window decoration by Mobiloil service stations as a dramatic introduction to their Winterproof plan for car owners.

"It warns motorists," said Donnelly, "that now is the time to prepare for cold, wet weather by having their cars inspected."

to QUICK-STOPPING, NON-SKIDDING...

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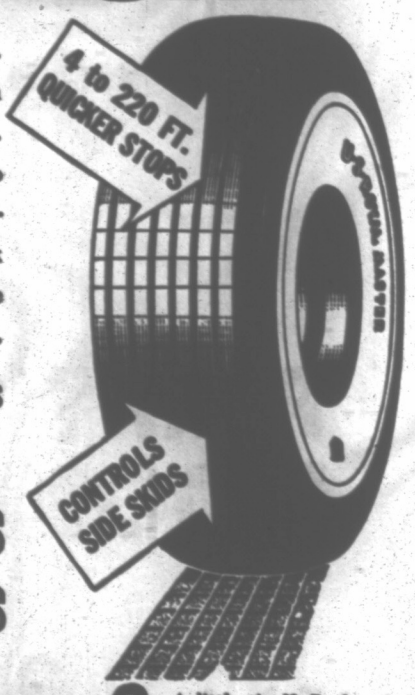
Don't you take any chances on wet, skiddy pavements. Get ready for winter NOW. Equip your car with America's sensational new Safety tires—the new U. S. Royal Masters. Their patented Centipede Grip will stop your car from 4 to 220 feet quicker—control skids—give you protection unheard of in old-style tires. Ask your dealer for a demonstration. Let him show why the U. S. Royal Master is the safest tire on any kind of road.



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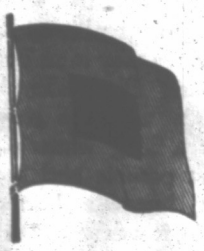

TELEPHONE 560-W

SAN CARLOS SOUTH OF OCEAN

WINTER WEATHER AHEAD!

The heat, grime and dust of hard Summer driving have done things to your car...and now comes Winter, with its low temperatures and severe weather conditions that impose new and even more serious demands.

Your safety—the proper operation of your car—and protection of the investment you have in it—necessitate that it be in proper condition to withstand the hardships of Winter driving.

The change from Summer grades to correct Winter grades of fuel and lubricants is important—but that alone isn't enough. General's 12-Point Winter-proof Service includes critical inspection of the vital points of wear. This is a precautionary measure of which every motorist should take advantage. And it's entirely free—except, of course, for needed materials you order.

Why not have your car Winter-proofed now? Remember—it's better to be safe than sorry. Drive in today where you see the Flying Red Horse.

Free
12 Point WINTER-PROOF Service

(NO CHARGE EXCEPT FOR NEEDED MATERIALS YOU ORDER)

1. Cooling system checked for scale and leaks. Hose and clamps inspected.
2. Radiator drained and flushed.
3. Fan belt checked and replaced if necessary.
4. Old Summer lubricant removed from transmission and differential, cases thoroughly flushed, universals carefully checked and correct winter grade of Mobil Lubricant supplied.
5. Crank case drained and flushed and filled with the correct winter grade of Mobiloil.
6. Oil filter inspected and new cartridge installed if needed.
7. Battery tested, cables inspected, terminals cleaned and distilled water added if necessary.
8. Spark plugs inspected and cleaned and replaced if necessary.
9. Windshield wiper inspected and adjusted or replaced if necessary.
10. Lights inspected, lenses cleaned.
11. Interior vacuum cleaned.
12. Tires inspected and inflated.

START Easy — SHIFT Easy — Play SAFE

WITH

MOBILGAS & MOBILOIL

GENERAL PETROLEUM CORPORATION

"The wittles is up!"

So the guinea pigs have revolted!

The question now is what if anything should the Constant Eater do about this deplorable state of affairs. There are several courses open (no pun intended). She could put them to shame with a lot of good arguments about the nobility of suffering in the cause of domestic science research. She could come back with some irrefutable facts on the number of times the Remonstrant Eaters have enjoyed her experiments with recipes, statistics vouched for by the mother and grandmother of W.K.B. and O.C.B., certainly a lady whose word can not be questioned. Another course would be to withdraw in reproachful dignity from the columns of THE CYMBAL. That would show 'em— How's that? Oh, of course, if *you* think their feeble sputterings are more amusing than mine— *well, doggonit, you're right, they are!* But those two fluent pinchhitters wouldn't keep it up and even if I'm not very funny I'm tortoisefully conscientious and the Editor can rely on me to fill the space with *something*. Being on the optimistic side I continue to hope that occasionally you'll find a little of that *something* entertaining or interesting or useful. The final course is to ignore the incident completely. After all, what can they do about it? So long as I'm cooking for this family they'll eat what I give 'em or else. As O.C.B. would say, I think I've got something there!

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As a matter of fact, I've got a number of good recipes this week. Up in Carmel Woods lives a fortunate young housewife whose husband doesn't hesitate to express his faith in and admiration of her cooking. (Too bad there aren't more husbands like that!) As a result, I found myself discussing recipes one afternoon in the sort of comfortable living room which just naturally suggests the existence close by of a comfortable kitchen where good food is created. A little opening in the tall straight trunks of the pines outside the big living room windows gave a glimpse of gray ocean in the west but that wasn't as distracting as the glimpses of gold that appeared and disappeared, as two curly heads streaked back and forth across one end of the room from the door of a bedroom to the door of the outside world. I must remember that this is about cooking and not about the beauty of the two little Timbers girls. But if you've seen that fascinating red-gold hair of Patricia Ann you know how hard it is to keep your eyes and your hands off her soft shiny mass of curls! The mother of those two picture-book little girls knows how to prepare all sorts of good food which no doubt contributes to their rosy cheeks and bouncing energy.

Of her recipes which I brought away with me I am just going to give you the two I have already tried myself. One is for orange bread, a particularly good but not expensive recipe I know you'll like. Save the peel of three oranges some day after you've extracted the morning orange juice. Put the halves just as they are into salted water and boil until tender. After they have been drained and cooked a little scrape out all the inner skin. Then put the peels through the meat chopper with a medium cutter. And doesn't orange peel smell good! If you like you can prepare the peel one day and finish the recipe the next. It always seems so much easier when you handle a longish recipe in this way. Cook the chopped orange peel in ⅓ cup water and 1 cup sugar until it thickens. After this is cool you add it to the following batter: 1 cup milk, 1 well-beaten egg, 3 tsp. baking powder, 1 tsp. salt and 3 cups flour. Chopped nut meats, about half a cup. Mix thoroughly and bake in a long narrow bread pan in a moderate oven between 35 and 45 minutes. Cut into thin slices and buttered, this makes swell afternoon tea sandwiches.

The other recipe is for a casserole dish. Boil 1 small package of egg noodles, the narrow kind, in boiling salted water till tender. Meanwhile brown in a frying pan small pieces of lean pork (get a couple of slices from the shoulder, or chops), half a green pepper and a large onion, cut up. Add 1 medium size can of tomatoes, ½ cup grated cheese, salt, pepper and a little sugar. Mix this with the noodles, put in casserole and top with buttered crumbs. Bake about half an hour in hot oven.

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Next week I'll give you my version of the Brunswick Stew which brought to a head the historical revolt of the guinea pigs. In case you wonder why I should bother to pass it along if it had the aforesaid unpleasant result I merely tell you that everyone else liked it. In fact, the editor's aunt, a lady who has traveled extensively and is a discriminating judge of many things including food, said it was the best stew she had ever eaten and demanded the recipe.

Which reminds me that this same aunt recently returned from a dinner at Sadé's with much to say in praise of the experience. Not only was the dinner deliciously and remarkably good for the price but she found at Sadé's dining place an atmosphere genuinely reminiscent of European restaurants. It was not, she said, that they seemed to be striving for it, as in so many eating places, but that it just was. You might climb the stairs down there at the Court of the Golden Bough and see for yourself some evening.

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Marjorie was discoursing enthusiastically on the subject of some Crepes Suzettes she had heard about so I asked her to write the recipe for this column. And here is her response:

Dear Constant Eater:

I was down at Louise Streeter's the other night and she was telling me about having a group of her friends in last Thursday night and making crepes for them. The crepes Louise makes are not Crepes Suzettes, but Crepes à la Morlaas. She values the recipe very highly. It is a very old one, and I'm giving it to you just as she gave it to me: 3 heaping soup spoons of fine flour; a good pinch of salt; 3 raw eggs. Beat well and long. Add, 2 heaping soup spoons of granulated sugar. Add, ¾ demi-tasse of *strong* rum. Beat well and long. Add, 2 demi-tasse of milk. Beat well and long. Add, a good sized hunk of fresh butter, just melted before it sizzles. *Beat well and long.* They should be very thin and serve about 3 or 4 immediately . . . don't wait for the others. They are served rolled with a shake of granulated sugar over them. Try some jam on them.

—MARJORIE

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If you take a sudden notion on an unexpectedly warm day for a cold dessert and if you happen to have no cream in the house—and perhaps I should say if you have automatic refrigeration—here is a good recipe for what you might call a creamless ice cream. I got it from Rhoda Johnson and having sampled some of hers I'm here to tell you it would have anyone guessing—I mean, guessing it had cream in it! Boil 1 cup sugar, ¼ cup water and 1 tsp. vinegar until it spins a long thread. Beat a little at a time into the stiffly-beaten whites of 2 eggs. Fold in 1 cup of crushed fruit, drained of juice, and add last 1½ cups of milk. Freeze in refrigerator tray without stirring. My first trial (and I had to borrow the use of a General Electric refrigerator from a more fortunate person!) was made with apricots rubbed through a strainer and it was one of the most delicious frozen desserts I've ever made. In spite of having no cream in it this is a pretty rich dish and you can make it go quite far in small servings.

—CONSTANT EATER

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Little BUSINESS DIRECTORY ads in The Cymbal best reach our long parade of readers.

+ + +

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Rear End Gears Bring Problem

A new problem looms big for motorists today whenever a hypoid, rear-end gear is lubricated. More than 70 per cent of the new cars are equipped with this type gear, which requires that lubrication must be "handled with kid gloves" so to speak. Mistakes would be costly.

"Because of the extremely heavy pressures exerted on hypoid gears," declares W. H. Schetter, of General Petroleum, "the lubricants for them must be specially compounded to insure adequate cushioning and save the gears from undue wear and breakage.

"The important point is that different kinds of hypoid gear lubricants cannot be mixed with safety. Mixing will bring about chemical reaction, causing the greases to turn to taffy. Then they cease to function. Having had one brand of grease installed, do not allow an operator to mix it with another."

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Bids have been called by the Division of Highways for the proposed grading and surfacing of 2.6 miles of highway and construction of two reinforced concrete girder bridges on the Pacheco Pass Road, according to the San Jose office of the National Automobile Club. The construction will be between one mile east of Bell's Station in Santa Clara County and three miles west of the Merced County line.

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Mr. and Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels and their two-year-old daughter are making La Playa their headquarters while they visit with Mrs. Marie Elizalde of the Walker Tract in Carmel.

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Catholic Boy Scout Plans Discussed

Leadership in the Boy Scout troops, sponsored by Catholic churches, was the main topic discussed at the recent meeting of the Catholic adult scouters for the Monterey Bay Area Council, Boy Scouts of America, held in Salinas this week.

Joe Amrein of Watsonville, chairman of the Monterey-Fresno diocesan lay committee, was in charge of the meeting.

The promotion of a summer camp was also taken up by the scout leaders. The group decided to form a committee of one leader from each town in the area to formulate plans for Catholic scout activities in the Monterey Bay Area Council, covering the counties of Monterey, San Benito and Santa Cruz.

Attending the meeting were C. A. McDevitt, Monterey; J. A. Murphy, Pacific Grove; the Rev. Michael D. O'Connell and Commander J. A. Murphy of Carmel; F. Monteiro and Carl Jones of Castroville; C. S. Sorenson, M. A. Stoffey, John P. Muller, Father Joseph Smith, W. J. Wallace, Matt Bordges and the Rev. Patrick O'Connor, all of Salinas.

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PENINSULA COUNTRY CLUB HAS HALLOWE'EN PARTY

The Monterey Peninsula Country Club was the fancy, decorated background for much Hallowe'en entertaining last Sunday evening. The usual cornstalks, pumpkins and orange and black Hallowe'en material were handled with good taste and restraint. Spanish music was played from the balcony, presumably by Spanish musicians. The whole set-up was festive.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Sanford of Carmel Highlands had 48 of their friends in for cocktails at their home, and then over to the Monterey Peninsula Country Club for dinner. Harrison Godwin entertained a party of four, Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Robley, ten; Dr. and Mrs. Harry R. Lusignan, eight; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hughes, five; Mrs. Kathleen Doud, six; Bill Dekker, six; Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Swengel, five; and Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Brenner, five. Mr. and R. B. Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. Edward David and Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wells dined at the club, also, but they didn't do any entertaining of guests. Afterwards cards were played, and keno, while some just sat by the fire. It was a pleasant party.

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J. O. HANDLEY'S VALLEY HOME PARTLY BURNED

J. O. Handley's home up the Carmel Valley was damaged by fire last Thursday evening. We understand that young Tommy Handley lighted a Hallowe'en pumpkin, set it on the front porch near the door, and then went in to dinner. Later, Mrs. Handley, trying to trace the odor of smoke, discovered the door jamb in flames, and that the fire had crept up the studding and was licking its way along the beams very quietly, secretly and efficiently. The State Forestry service sent fire fighters, the neighbors helped and some apparatus was sent over from Robles del Rio, so that by the time Bob Leidig and his men arrived from Carmel, the flames had been completely squelched and they had nothing to do but go home again.

Handley himself was in San Jose at the time. Damage is estimated at $800.

Palomino Expert Comes to Monterey County for Horse History and Just Glance at What He Digs Up

Dick Halliday, secretary of the Palomino Horse Association, up from Santa Barbara last week and a guest at Rancho Carmelo, was officially bent upon collecting palomino material for his association's 1939 Year Book.

To that end, Karl Mathiot suspended routine ranch business to conduct Dick on a round of interviews. Local citizenry, preferably those with a penchant for Californiana, and definitely those with roots well grounded in Monterey County hills and valleys, were bearded in their dens.

Because Dick Halliday is deaf it was necessary that someone be along to take notes. Your reporter accidentally came in for a share of the note-taking, and, incidentally, for a wealth of extra-curriculum data that was far too interesting not to pass on.

For instance: Fred Feliz, who talked to us from his bed in his house at Camp Stefani, is the stepson of the Simoneau who boarded Robert Louis Stevenson and his artist friends during the time that they lived and worked in Monterey. They used to eat in the room back of the bar. The house in which they all lived was a two-story frame dwelling, since torn down. What is now called the Robert Louis Stevenson house is, in reality, the Gerondine House. Stevenson may have stayed in it a night or two, but it is not the house in which he lived. Furthermore, what is now called the Fremont house is really the Leese house. General Fremont probably found lodging there for a night, but nothing more. The present Mission Inn in Monterey was the old Watson Hotel, owned by the Watsons from Corral de Tierra.

You all know Jacks' Peak. Well, Jacks' Ranch 60 years ago extended from Huckleberry Hill, which is the hill at the back of Monterey, to Cypress Point. Wild horses used to run on it. Also, wild grizzlies were thick at that time. They used to come and feed on the whale carcases that lined the beaches around Monterey Bay.

At the top of Lighthouse avenue was a whaling station where they used to tow whales and fry out the blubber. Afterwards, the carcasses would be set adrift and they would float to shore. This was just duck soup for the bears. And, just as the whale meat brought the bears, the bears brought hunters and trappers to Monterey. Absalom Beasley, "Old Rock" they called him, was perhaps the most famous bear hunter of that period, although Augustine Esteban was pretty good. He used to use an old cap and ball cylinder gun. He would coax the bear to come up to him and then shoot him in the eye. Traps were set on Seal Rocks and Bear Rocks, on what is now the 17-Mile Drive. These traps were made of logs and were about 7 by 4 feet in size. After the bears had been trapped they were brought into Monterey. Feliz used to watch out of the window of his grandmother's house into the yard next door where they would bring the bears to skin them and clean the pelts. Sometimes they wouldn't kill them at all, but would take them over to the old "Y" saloon which stood on the present site of Buckley's, the saddlers. Then they would stage a bear-bull fight, a secret performance announced through the grapevine-telegraph system.

Rancho Carmelo, or Mathiot's, as most of us call it, used to be the old Stefani ranch. When the stages ran from Monterey to Tassajara, the old Whitlock stages, they changed horses at the Stefani barn. But the stages haven't run to Tassajara for 25 years. Vasquez, the highwayman, often used to stop here. Vasquez was a rustler, but he wasn't the bad man that he is often made out to be. He was no murderer. A few hours after he was hanged in San Jose a commutation of sentence arrived. They say that Miller and Lux, big cattle dealers, made their start with cattle run up from Santa Barbara by Vasquez and his gang. They'd make that trip when things got dull around here.

More notes: Los Laurelles, the ranch owned by Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps, was originally owned by the Boronda family, and it is said that the last owner sold it for a pair of boots. In those great days they had to ford the Carmel River six times to get to Monterey.

Dick Halliday didn't find out so much about palominos, but he did learn a lot about the early days on the peninsula. So did I. Also, I learned where I could go to get more. It's an idea to toy with in odd moments.

—MARJORIE WARREN

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Work has started on the unfinished portion of the Monterey Highway, reports the San Jose office of the National Automobile Club. The west side has been widened and completed. The old highway on the east side is being scarified and graded. Work will progress normally now until completed. Completion of the section of the new highway will see an end to construction as all other parts of the highway from Coyote to the Llagas Creek, 2 miles south, are complete. Crews are putting the finishing touches on the new bridge across the Llagas.

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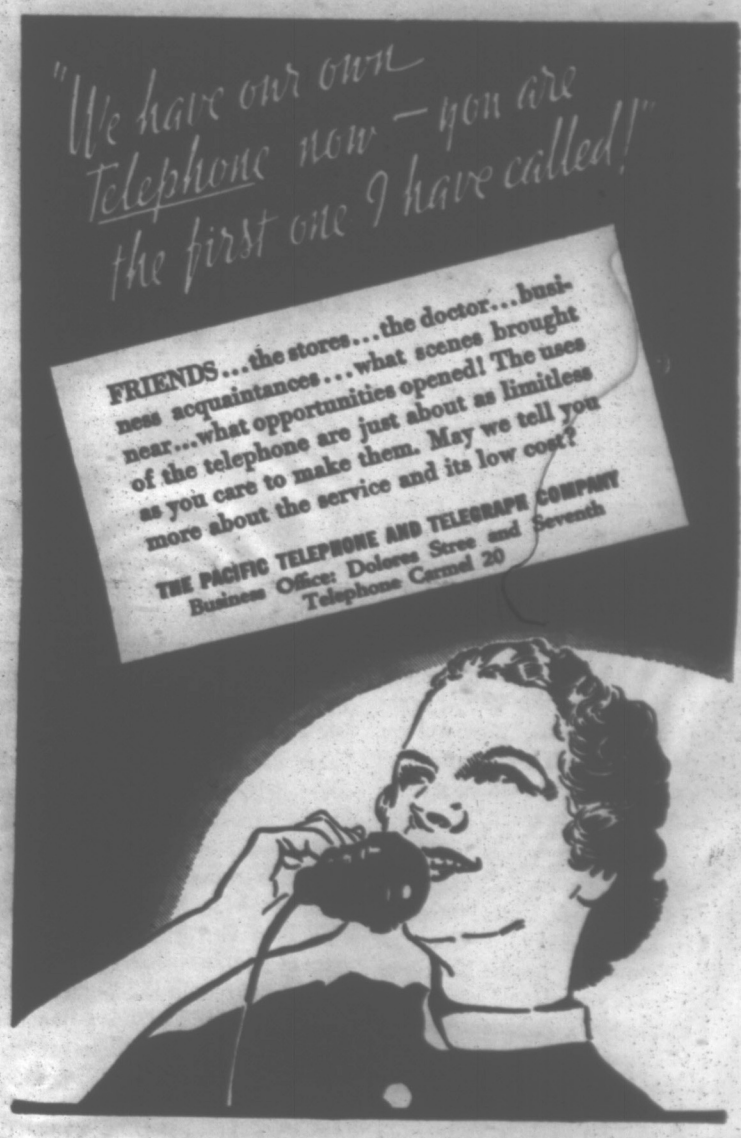
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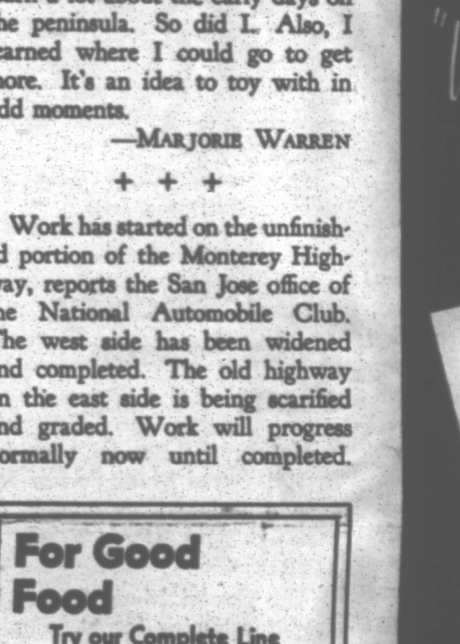

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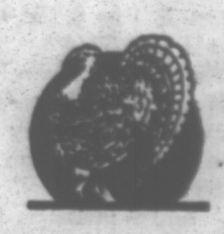

Ronald Telfer Reads Again Nov. 12

A week from tomorrow night, Saturday, November 12, Ronald Telfer gives another play-reading to benefit the American Legion's Auxiliary welfare program. He has chosen three one-act plays from Noel Coward's "Tonight at 8:30" collection, and we understand there may be an additional surprise to top off the evening.

Telfer's play-reading takes him all over Northern California and absorbs the greatest amount of his time these days. He has been called the foremost reader of plays in California. When he isn't traveling around reading them, he is directing them for numerous clubs and organizations around the Bay area, and if it isn't a play, it's a pageant. Telfer is one of the directors of the Children's Theatre organization of San Francisco, which, next to that of the New York Junior League, is the best one in the country.

The Telfer Academy of Dramatic Art is in the Press Club building at the corner of Sutter and Powell. Here he teaches and directs his own plays. His new dramatization of Robinson Crusoe is just off the press. The Banner Play Bureau of San Francisco is publishing it.

We admire Ronnie Telfer.

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Douglas School Notes

At Douglas School there are several short musical plays in progress of rehearsal, including "The Magic Dream" and "Belling the Cat." On Saturday evenings a music group gathers either to hear music played or to sing. A number of students also belong to the Carmel Music Society and two students have been awarded membership in the Musical Arts Club. Many students study piano privately at the school, practicing facilities being provided by two fine pianos. These piano students play before the school several times during the year.

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Two of the graduates of the Class of 1938 have made important posts at the Knox School in Cooperstown, New York. Louise Young of Los Angeles was elected vice-president of the Knox Athletic Association. Gertrude Brawner of Pasadena has been chosen as literary editor of the school's year book, *Rose Leaves*. She has also measured up to the requirements of the Dramatic Club, the Swimming Club and the Riding Club.

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Recent visitors to Douglas School were Mrs. Esther Roark of Beverly Hills, whose daughter, Sheilah Moore, is a student at the school, and Mrs. Russell Havenstrite, also of Beverly Hills, visiting her daughter, Phyllis, who is a junior at Douglas. Mr. and Mrs. Havenstrite will shortly fly to South America where they expect to remain nearly a month.

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COMMUNITY NOTICE

Dr. Wilber W. McKee of the Carmel Community Church, has chosen as his theme at the 11 o'clock service next Sunday morning, "Does It Pay to Be Good in a World Like This?"

The Church School meets at 9:45 a.m. The minister's Bible class meets in the sanctuary at 10 a.m. The Junior Christian Endeavor meets at 5 p.m.

A cordial invitation is extended to residents and week-end guests.

If You Drive an Automobile This Letter From Judge George Ross Is To You

To the Motoring Public:

There is an increasing amount of complaint concerning automobile horn blowing.

In order to save motorists from arrest, I am giving this warning.

THE LAW

The driver of an automobile may sound the horn *only* when reasonably necessary to insure safe operation, and such horn shall not otherwise be used.

You violate the law when:

1. You toot the horn as a greeting on the street.
2. You toot to a friend to call attention.
3. You toot for your merchant to come out of his store and take your order, etc.
4. You toot your horn for any purpose except for safety purposes.

Violation of the law sets a maximum penalty of $50, or 5 days in jail, or both.

Please let us have less unnecessary horn tooting, as after all I am trying to help you.

Respectfully,
GEORGE P. ROSS, City Judge.

Monk's Kitchen Party Proves Big Success

Among the most successful of the private Hallowe'en celebrations in Carmel was the masked party given last Saturday night at Colonial Terrace by Mrs. Ida Theurer. There were about 50 guests who gathered in Ida's famous Monk's Kitchen and only one or two of them failed to appear in costume.

Mrs. Virginia Norris won first prize for the women. She was dressed as a gay blade of the roaring nineties in a suit of black and white stripe topped by a brown derby. Arthur Withel took first prize for the gentlemen. He appeared as a funny old lady, complete with wig and market basket of vegetables. Mrs. Theurer herself was dressed as an Indian Squaw. Georgia Thompson, who aids Mrs. Theurer at Colonial Terrace, was an Hawaiian girl. Louise Streeter was in a Mexican costume and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Jones arrived dressed as a monk and Spanish lady of high caste, respectively. Zoya Parrish, late of Jane's Cake Shop, who will be reading tea cups at the San Carlos Hotel hereafter, was dressed in a beautiful Chinese bride's costume. Mrs. Wade Etter went as Mae West, Wade as a chinaboy. Otto Hasse, Colonial Inn gardener, was on hand in a monk's costume to match the kitchen. Jenny Abernethy had on a Japanese costume, but we can't discover what Jack wore. Other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Hancock, Mrs. Amy Montague, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bixler and Ernie's brother, Richard. The guests sat down to a beautifully decorated table and ate good food. There was an orchestra to dance to, and altogether it was a swell party.

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ZOYA PARRISH OF TEACUPS SOON TO BE THE ORACLE AT THE SAN CARLOS

Zoya Parrish, who has been reading truths out of your past and into your future over the teacups at Jane's Cake Shop all summer, is now at the San Carlos Hotel, or will be, come Monday. She will be on hand at the Coffee Shop and the Sidewalk Cafe during the luncheon, tea and dinner hours. Zoya will live at the hotel, too, so it's no use trying to dig her up after working hours by climbing into the *Wren's Nest*. Jane and Wade Etter are devastated. A. M. Watson, over at the San Carlos, is bucked up no end. We can think of no better way of luring people over to Monterey. Zoya has made many friends in Carmel since she arrived last June, and we've got into the habit of counting on her to tell us when we're making a mistake, not having sense enough to know ourselves . . . at least, not until it's too late.

After the experiences that gal went through in China, Singapore and the South Seas, it does us a world of good to know that she's on the way up again, and has found a niche of comparative importance in our community. Later on, if Zoya likes the idea, we may find her in the El Dorado Room at the San Carlos.

Good luck, Zoya! May your powers never grow less!

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Music Society Tells Season Plans

Notices of the season's offerings by the Carmel Music Society have been mailed and are now in our possession, and season tickets are again on sale.

The Carmel Music Society has been functioning for 11 years. It has grown and flourished, solidly patronized by a Carmel whose love of music is part of its tradition. It has consistently offered programs of famous names counter-balanced by artists little known, but since become famous. Milstein is a good example of this. There's nothing like being able to say, "Oh, yes! I heard him when . . ." It gives us such a feeling of superiority, and we like to feel superior.

The headliner on this year's program is Angna Enters, who is probably the most discussed dancer in America. Casadesus, after being twice piano soloist for Toscanini, went on to a great triumph in concert. The Pasquier Trio is not so well known on the coast, but in the East and in Europe are considered to be in a class by themselves. Povla Frijsh, here December 3, is the least known of the four artists, but for several years her singing has been the wonder of musicians and lately her reputation has been taking on the proportions of a real popularity. It is quite likely that she will be the most talked about artist of the concert season.

From all points of view this is probably the best-balanced program the music society has arranged, and the one which should prove most interesting to Carmel.

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ST. MARTHA'S GUILD HAS A QUILTING PARTY

St. Martha's Guild of All Saints' Episcopal Church held a party at the rectory last Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Guy Jordan and Miss Jane Haskell assisted Mrs. Hulsewé with the arrangements. A quilt was begun and decorations were made for the special children's Harvest Thanksgiving Service, to be held at All Saints' Church on Sunday, November 20, at 9:30 a.m. Members of the guild attending this party were Joan Dekker, Pamela Dormody, Audrey Mawdsley, Joan and Bix Carr, Jennifer Lloyd, Jacqueline Hillis, Nancy McCarthy, Carol Jane Hill, Sheila Whittaker, Carol Walker, Mary Street and Christine Leffingwell.

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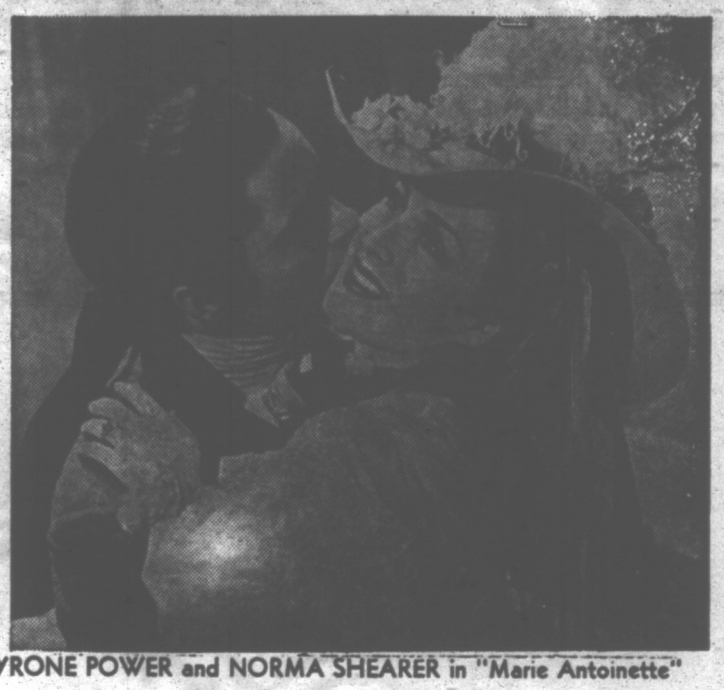
"Marie Antoinette" Coming Sunday



TYRONE POWER and NORMA SHEARER in "Marie Antoinette"

At long looked for last, "Marie Antoinette" comes to the Carmel Theatre. On Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, November 6, 7 and 8, you will be able to see Norma Shearer and Tyrone Power in the picture that the entire country has been raving about ever since it was released. The supporting cast is all that it should be. John Barrymore, Robert Morley, Anita Louise, Joseph Schildkraut, Gladys George, Henry Stephenson, Cora Witherspoon, and Reginald Gardiner (whom we've heard make noises like locomotives and wall paper with Beatrice Lillie). The costumes, of course, will be something to rave about, and we understand that the Palace of Versailles will be used for the first time in a film background. Adrian does Shearer's gowns, and she'll wear 34 elaborate costumes and 18 wigs. It all sounds much too much of everything for us to say much more about it, beyond the fact that we'll see it if it takes a leg.

Dr. W. B. Williams Heads Carmel Players

Dr. W. B. Williams will serve as chairman of the Carmel Players' board of directors during the winter series. He succeeds Tilly Polak whose resignation was accepted with regret by the board last Friday at a special meeting in the Green Room.

Dr. Williams, whose marked ability as an actor has already made him well known to The Players and their audiences, brings a fund of temperate judgment and genial good will to his new task.

Ted Leidig will head the production committee. Byington Ford was appointed chairman of the play-reading committee. Mary Henderson was elected secretary to succeed C. W. Lee who resigned under pressure of other duties. E. A. H. Watson was re-elected treasurer. Watson is also chairman of the executive committee which includes L. E. Wormley, Charles K. Van Riper, and ex-officio members, Dr. Williams and B. Franklin Dixon, business manager of The Players.

ALL SAINTS' NOTICE

The Rev. C. J. Hulsewé has chosen as his theme for the 11 o'clock service Sunday morning, "Seven Ways to Peace." The full vested choir will sing at this service.

Holy Communion at All Saints' is at 8 a.m. on Sunday morning. The Church School meets at 9:45 a.m.

It will be the aim of the rector to have an especially practical armistice week message this Sunday, and young people of all ages are invited. On Armistice Day there will be a brief service of remembrance in the church at 2:30 p.m.

Ballet Caravan At San Jose Tomorrow

Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, who are conducting the San Jose Concert Series this winter, will present the Ballet Caravan as the first in their San Jose series tomorrow night, Saturday, November 5, at the Civic Auditorium. There are a number of Carmel people going up for this performance. We received a copy of the program in the mail this morning, and, personally, we're going to make one of our more valiant efforts to be there.

The Ballet Caravan is straight American, undiluted by any European influence. It is presented in three parts. The first, the classic ballet done to the Goldberg variations of J. S. Bach. It is said Bach's excuse for composing this wonderful suite was to provide a soothing atmosphere for a man who suffered from chronic insomnia. It is recognized by musicians as one of his greatest works.

The second part is a Ballet-Document called "Filling Station." This concerns our well-known friend, the filling-station attendant, in this instance named "Mac." He keeps his wash-room spic and span. The chromium on his pumps gleams. His road-maps are neatly stacked to be given away on request. His friends are truck drivers and state troopers. His customers are gangsters, rich young couples from the country club feeling high, and the ordinary citizen with his wife and family.

The third section is a character-ballet in one act called "Billy the Kid." Billy was a handsome, charming, courteous boy with a terrible talent for murder. In the ballet the character "Alias" recurs in different situations as a symbol of these men whom Billy shot with never a second of guilt, remorse or fright. Lincoln Kirstein directs the ballet. Everyone speaks of its tremendous vitality and gusto.

We also wish to pass on the news that Victoria Anderson and Viola Morris, who made such a deep impression upon Carmel during the Bach Festival and in their August recital in the Filmarte, will sing at the Castellejo School, Palo Alto, on November 15. The recital is a public one and Carmel people are planning to go up. Miss Morris and Miss Anderson leave for England on November 25.

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A MESSAGE FROM A FRIEND OF YOURS, TONIGHT (FRIDAY), 6:45 KDON

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Edward G. Robinson, Wendy Barrie
I AM THE LAW

Saturday • November 5
Laurel and Hardy
BLOCKHEADS
Frank Albertson, Eleanor Lynn
FUGITIVE FOR A NIGHT

Sun, Mon, Tues • Nov. 6, 7, 8
Norma Shearer, Tyrone Power
MARIE ANTOINETTE

Wednesday • November 9
Ann Shirley, Edward Ellis
A MAN TO REMEMBER
Also Ten-Win

Thur, Fri • Nov. 10, 11
John Barrymore, Joan Davis
Jack Haley
HOLD THAT CO-ED
March of Time No. 2

AN INVITATION

TO CARMEL MOTOR CAR OWNERS

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In the last several years you have noticed great improvement in the cars you are driving. With the established principles of friendliness, thoughtfulness, honesty and sincerity, we dedicate our business to maintaining these improvements in our service to you.

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CARL HARRIS
R. A. PECKHAM

Personalities & Personals

On compiling the statistics from the marriage mart, we find that Mr. and Mrs. Earl Decot of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Robertson of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Bonner of Berkeley, and Lt. and Mrs. E. N. Anguin of San Francisco are honeymooning at Highlands Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Reid and their daughter, Ruth, who have been at the Inn for the last ten days, will be leaving for their home in Denver this week.

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The Richard Mastens (Dick and Hildreth) and menage have moved from one of their town houses to their Highlands home. Dick says you can't call till they get the rugs down and the ice comes.

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Don Blanding, that persisting versifier, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Al Ball (Armine von Tempski), left Wednesday for Hollywood, to do something or other. They will come back next Wednesday and stay just long enough for Don to toss a few volumes in his bag and sally forth on a four-months' lecture tour, returning in February. Don says that this trip he intends to talk more about the loveliness of Carmel than about his books.

+

Jimmy Williams, who owns Williams' restaurant and fountain, is taking a vacation from his labors thereat and therein, and is spending it behind the austere wickets of the Bank of Carmel. He's getting paid, too, for doing it.

+

Peggy Hoffman closed her Patio Candy store on Ocean avenue near the library on November 1. The winter months showed little prospect of supporting an exclusive candy store in Carmel.

+

Mrs. Edmund Kitson arrived in Carmel Wednesday evening after a trailer trip of three weeks which brought her from Boston down to Florida, through Louisiana and Texas and so into California. She will spend the winter with her daughter and son-in-law, Marjorie and Ted Warren. This is Marjorie's mother's fourth visit to Carmel.

+

Tommi Thompson, who has been identified in Carmel with such theatrical groups as the Abalone Players, Ted Kuster's Golden Bough Players, and as one of those in the first performance of "Ten Nights in a Bar room," is in Carmel this week with her mother. She is recuperating from a serious operation.

+

Elizabeth Le Conte Elston and Sydney Wentworth Taylor, III, of Berkeley, were married last Saturday in Carmel. Judge George Ross officiated. Elizabeth is the daughter of Mrs. Arthur Elston of Carmel and Berkeley. She is a University of California graduate and a member of Delta Gamma sorority.

+

Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Fitzgerald of Atherton spent the week-end at La Playa. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Fischer of Berkeley left this week after spending four or five days there. Fischer is with the Federal government bureau of investigation.

+

Johan Hagemeyer returned from San Francisco Tuesday after visiting up there for a week. The last time Johan was up there was about two years ago, which meant that on this trip he had his first glimpse of the new bridges and Treasure Island. We think this is rather amusing. Do you?

+

Mr. and Mrs. Philip N. McCombs, who love Carmel and who were here 12 years ago on their honeymoon, snatched a week's interlude from Allen's Press Clipping Bureau in San Francisco and hied themselves down here last week to play house in a Carmel cottage. They returned the early part of this week.

+

Mrs. Eva McMahon and her daughter, Pat, of Lighthouse avenue in Pacific Grove, gave a cocktail party Tuesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. John E. Abernethy, who is leaving for Palm Springs with her husband the end of the week. The decorations were particularly deserving of praise. Blue delphinium and white stock were used. Among the guests from Carmel were Mrs. Otis Berthold, Mrs. Rita Beller, Mrs. Frank A. Moore, Mrs. J. Martin Straith, Mrs. C. M. Hall, Marjorie Bare and Betty Bryant.

+

Mr. and Mrs. George Wishart and their son, Billie, have just returned to Carmel after a trip that took them down to Los Angeles, San Diego and Lake Elsinore.

+

ROBLES DEL RIO

The approaching winter season apparently means nothing to the management of Robles del Rio Lodge. We listened to plans over the telephone one morning and clucked approvingly. Do you know that you'll be able to dance at Robles del Rio Lodge each Saturday night all winter? Yeah! And dance to good music that will emerge from the highly fancy electrical equipment that's been doing its duty nobly and satisfactorily all the summer long. This machine contains 14 Grade-A records, and each week someone comes to the Lodge, rejects the current 14, and injects 14 newer ones. Very satisfactory.

Tomorrow night, providing the moon shines as it is supposed to, there will be a hayride. Frank DeAmaral will provide the wagon and the horses, plus his accordion, and upon the return to the Lodge, food will be provided, and you may dance, if you wish.

Colonel Albert Sneed, retired, late of Montgomery, Alabama, has been reconnoitering up the Carmel Valley with an eye to making a permanent home for himself there. Robles del Rio Lodge has been his headquarters.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Wehrhane, who have been travelling abroad for the past six weeks, are back in Carmel this week. They commute between Pine Inn and their Robles del Rio residence, *The Hilltop*, which is exactly what the name signifies, looks down benignly upon Hitchcock Canyon and leans up against the hills to the west where, many years ago, old Vasquez made his homestead.

Paul Haaren returns to his Robles del Rio place this week. Annette Hershey of San Francisco is at the Lodge and will remain as a guest for a week or more.

Frank Porter departed this week for Palm Springs. He'll be there three weeks to rest and forget about business.

Mrs. Pete Ferrante of Monterey entertained at a bridge luncheon last Thursday at Robles del Rio Lodge. The luncheon was in honor of Miss Frances Lucido of Pittsburg, fiancee of Nino Cardinale. The wedding is scheduled to take place at high noon on November 5.

Mrs. Porter herself was responsible for the table decorations. She used dozens of begonia blossoms from her own garden and combined them with fern, and the result was something to exclaim about.

+

FOREST LODGE

Wednesday afternoons are being checked off on Peninsula calendars and set aside for Forest Lodge where pleasant people meet for bridge at 2 o'clock, and tea is served at 4 o'clock. Non-bridge players will drop in at this hour, too, because they know the delight of a tea by Pon Fat, who is perhaps the most famous Chinese cook on the west coast.

Forest Lodge used to be the Carmel Hospital. We all loved the place. It had no more of the usual hospital atmosphere then than it has of hotel atmosphere now. Pon Fat presided over the kitchen in those days, too, and how we sang his praises . . . and how we used to chuckle and revel in what we called the 'inimitable Shuffleton touch' as each tray made its appearance at our bedside.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher have done nothing to destroy our memories of this place. The changes they have made are for the better. The interior of Forest Lodge provides a background against which we should all show to advantage. It has poise and beauty, and it's hospitable . . . nothing cold. Always

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BEGINNING MONDAY, NOVEMBER 7
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"INTERPRETATION BY VIBRATION"

fresh flowers around, loads of them, and they never seem to droop. The gardens are lovely, and the recent addition of one tiny-sable-covered Pom called *Fritzi* whom we defy you to resist, even though you believe yourself to be allergic to small dogs, adds nothing but sweetness and light to the life there.

Dora Louise Cahn moved over to Forest Lodge last Tuesday and will be living there all the winter. Dr. Amelia Gates, who always makes Forest Lodge her headquarters on her frequent trips to Carmel, arrived from San Francisco on Saturday and will stay a week. Mrs. Charlotte H. Knapp arrived from San Francisco on Tuesday and will probably make Forest Lodge her home for the winter.

The Junior Chamber of Commerce of Monterey gave a dinner there on Wednesday night. On Monday night, around 30 friends of the Fishers and habitués of the Lodge celebrated Hallowe'en with fun and games and a late supper of frankfurters, potato salad, cakes and coffee.

+

Karl Mathiot's birthday and Hallowe'en fall practically at the same time, so with two good reasons for a party, it goes without saying that there is something doing at Rancho Carmelo each year at this time.

Last Saturday night was no exception. Guests and friends of the Mathiots arrived early and stayed late. The Carmel Valley ranches sent representative contingents wearing high-heeled dress boots, gay silk handkerchiefs and their best saddle pants. The Mathiot entrance hall was rampant with cowboy sombreros and there was a distinct rodeo flavor to the entire affair. The large dining room had been cleared and the floor waxed, and Pearl Wheat, with her xylophone and three male orchestral units to aid her, made dancing a necessity. House guests at the ranch were in costume and the invading horde from Carmel arrived either in formals or sports clothes, just as the spirit moved them. Connie, the colored cook, presided all evening at the table where cider and doughnuts were served, and at midnight more substantial food made its appearance. It took ten lusty men to corral Kaydee long enough to get in the regular amount of birthday whacks, and it wasn't too easy for them, at that.

Some of us stayed all night so that we could ride the next morning. Edith Frisbie and the Warrens were among these and Ruth Casella, who came down from San Francisco to attend the party. We spent the morning in the hills, returning to stuff ourselves with Connie's fried chicken, and the remainder of the day being nuzzled by colts in the corrals. These young palominos are as friendly as puppies. The Mathiots believe in making pets of them, and it's fun to have a beautiful little colt trailing after you and pushing its nose into the back of your neck whenever he has the chance.

+

Recent visitors at Carmel Inn were Mrs. John Whittier Howe Dodge, state regent of the California Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and Mr. and Mrs. Perry Wallace MacDonald of Piedmont. Mrs. MacDonald is state vice-regent of the same society. Oscar J. Fox, composer of "The Hills of Home," was also a guest here.

+ + +

One single DOLLAR moves us to send The Cymbal anywhere in the United States for a whole year.

LEGAL NOTICE

PARTNERSHIP NAME CERTIFICATE REQUIRED BY SECTION 2466, CALIFORNIA CIVIL CODE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned, GENE RICKETTS and ARTHUR CLAY, have formed a partnership and are transacting business as co-partners in the City of Carmel by the Sea, County of Monterey, State of California, under the name of "McDONALD DAIRY";

That the full names of all the members of such partnership, and their respective places of residence are as follows:

Gene Ricketts, Lincoln street, between 5th. & 6th. streets, Carmel, California

Arthur Clay, Guadalupe street, between 5th. & 6th. streets, Carmel, California

(Signed) GENE RICKETTS
ARTHUR CLAY

GEORGE P. ROSS, Carmel, California
Attorney for said co-partners.
Date of First publication, Oct. 14, 1938
Date of Last publication, Nov. 7, 1938.

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL DOING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:

That I, the undersigned, CHARLES R. KRIEGER, do hereby certify:

That my name in full is CHARLES RAYMOND KRIEGER, and that my place of residence is 920 Hellam Street, Monterey, California;

That I am transacting business in the State of California under the fictitious name and style of "PEOPLES MARKET," and that I am the sole owner and proprietor of said business; that the principal place of business is 316 Alvarado Street, Monterey, Monterey County, California;

That I have purchased the partnership interest of Carlos Torres in the copartnership of Krieger and Torres, doing business under the firm name and style of "PEOPLES MARKET."

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 26th day of October, 1938.

CHARLES R. KRIEGER

STATE OF CALIFORNIA)
COUNTY OF MONTEREY) ss

On this 26th day of October, 1938, before me, Shelburn Robison, a Notary Public in and for the County of Monterey, State of California, personally appeared Charles R. Krieger known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in the County of Monterey, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

[SEAL] SHELBURN ROBISON
Notary Public in and for the County of Monterey, State of California.

(My commission expires Oct. 9, 1941)
ENDORSED: Filed Oct. 27, 1938.
C. F. JOY, Co. Clerk
By BETH BARTENSTEIN
Deputy
First Publication: Oct. 28, 1938
Last Publication: Nov. 18, 1938.
Attorney—SHELBURN ROBISON
Carmel, California.

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"Love Apples" in Rehearsal for December

"Love Apples," a play by Katherine Brocklebank (Mrs. M. J. Peterson) went into rehearsal last night and is to be produced at the Filmarte Theatre on the evenings of December 9, 10 and 11. The proceeds will go toward a Christmas fund to be dispensed by the Carmel Red Cross.

Mrs. Peterson will direct the play herself and so far she has selected for the cast: Dr. W. B. Williams, Bill O'Donnell, Oliver Bassett, Jessie Joan Brown, Betty Bryant, Barrie O'Shea, Frank Hefling, Emelie Harrold and Lucille Culver.

"Love Apples" is a comedy and was played with success in San Francisco with Ronald Telfer in the leading role, which is to be taken in Carmel by Dr. Williams.

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WHY you voted to tax everybody else's earnings and to exempt your own $10,000-a-year salary?

WHY you call your record "the greatest in 50 years"—a record of 28 bills, none of which passed; a record of "rubber stamping" expenditures so high that this district's share of the taxes and debt approximates $125,000,000?

WHY you "rubber stamped" the Supreme Court packing proposal and the Government Reorganization Bill in opposition to wishes of the district?

Can It Be That You CAN'T Explain?

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A Few Casual, Poignant Notes On The Carmel Players

The Carmel Players' performance at the San Carlos Hotel last Monday night as a special Hallowe'en offering, was a satisfaction to all concerned. The Players themselves are happy about it, not only because they had fun, but because they made about $61 on it. Watson and Spencer, representing the management, sat around and purred all the evening, and looked as though they had swallowed a couple of canaries. The guests all had a swell time. They went away feelinging that the San Carlos has something in the El Dorado room. Perhaps they didn't notice the Armin Hansen murals over the bar, but they must have felt the more-than-ordinary feeling of spaciousness, the lack of that sensation of being squashed down in a dark corner with cigarette smoke hovering over you like a blanket.

As for the show itself—some of it was darned good, some of it was plain good, and plenty of it wasn't so hot. Del Page couldn't get his words out fast enough, so he'd slide right over the last ones. Bob Bratt was a joy. He did Queen Victoria taking a bath, and the young lad having his first chew of tobacco, and he can do them again and again, as far as we're concerned. Spud Gray was good. It was his act to dash in and break up the show and be as funny as possible. He was funny.

Bob Bratt, Mary Henderson, et al did Jerry Chance's "This Was How Los Angeles Was Born," which is always good. Mary Henderson and Roe Marble put on their cute Spanish-Sidewalks of New York number and Madelaine McDonough looked cute cavorting through a military song and tap number. Earle Williams and Earle Duclus were both sure-fire hits with their specialties, and Barrie O'Shea had a glamorous partner from San Francisco with whom he did two dance numbers. These two highlighted the evening.

The vocal numbers done by Ray Brock, Mary Henderson, Nina Kitselman, Bob Bratt and a few others (our memory is a bit hazy), were pretty lousy. The Lambeth Walk number was saved for the Grand Finale, and it was a perfect way in which to round out the entertainment. At the end, all of us were invited to join in. Bob Bratt and Spud Gray were the first to join up, and gradually the braver souls ventured forth. Somehow or other THE CYMBAL reporter found herself on the floor with Franklin Dixon, making a hilarious attempt to match her steps with the rest of that company, but failing happily. Before the number was over, however, we both felt brave and competent, as far as the Lambeth Walk was concerned. Ye CYMBAL was even moved to Lambeth Walk with Ye *Herald* reporter, which makes history.

Anyway, the evening was a success. We all agreed on that. Also, it will be repeated. We hear from Franklin Dixon, business manager of The Players, that the San Carlos wants more and better floor shows from the Carmel Players and The Players will set out to give it to them—the next one probably around New Year's Eve.

+

The play-writing group of the Carmel Players' Workshop, that has been languishing for want of a director, has at last acquired the services of Esto Broughton. This group will meet on Wednesday nights at 7:15 p.m. in the Green Room, and the first meeting will take place on November 16. It will write, produce, cast and direct future workshop plays to be given in the Green Room .

+

"All-Clear!" a one-act play written by Ray Brock, is scheduled to appear for public delection by the end of this month. It is a short play, and the remainder of the evening will be filled in with some Spanish olios and dancing numbers, just so you won't have to go home early.

+

Because Mrs. Martin Jonas Peterson's play, "Love Apples," is being produced to benefit the Red Cross, the stage design class conducted by Anna Marie Baer will help out the cause by doing the sets and the lighting for it.

—M. W.

+ + +

LA COLLECTA HEARS TALK ON SINGLE TAX PLAN

Mrs. Vive Harber was hostess to La Collecta Club Wednesday, and Major C. C. Shepard, Jr., was the guest of honor, speaking to the 17 members and their guest, Miss Anna Garrett, on the single tax measure on the ballot. He talked so ardently and long that Mrs. Clara Louise Beller, who had prepared a most unusual program, was beginning to wonder whether she'd ever be able to present it. Her time did come, however, and it was a game. Fourteen questions, the answers to which were various shops and restaurants in Carmel. They weren't easy. For instance: vegetables and royalty was Cabbages and Kings. Catch on? Mrs. Beller brought this game from Detroit. Afterwards, she played part of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and "The Chapel in the Mountains" by G. D. Wilson. The members enjoyed this as Mrs. Beller is an accomplished pianist. The remainder of her program consisted of several of Edgar Guest's poems which she passed around for various members to read.

The next meeting will be held at the new home of Mrs. Marjorie Albee at First and Torres, and the date is November 16. It will be a Thanksgiving program in charge of Mrs. Elizabeth Chappell. The roll call will be short Thanksgiving verses.

+ + +

A MESSAGE FROM A FRIEND OF YOURS, TONIGHT (FRIDAY), 6:45, KDON

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